

Resist

Petula Clark

Oh, I love his hair, oh yeah
The kind of hair I long to touch
I love him so
And yet I know
I must resist, resist, resist

I love his eyes, oh my
The kind of eyes I can't describe
And though they say,
"Come along my way",
I must resist, resist, resist

He has a smile, oh my
He has a style I've never known
And though I feel
This thing is real,
I must resist, resist, resist

I love him so, oh
I feel a blow just bein' near
And though my soul
Keeps cryin' out for him,
I must resist, resist, resist
Resist